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SOMETHING BEYOND

and Other Poems

RECREATIONS OF A BUSY LIFE

JOHN GAYLORD DAVENPORT

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no,

TO MY LIFE COMPANION,
IN SUNSHINE INSPIRING, CHEERFUL IN SHADOW,
AWAITING ME BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

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SOMETHING BEYOND

SOMETHING BEYOND

A type of the human soul
Is the restless ocean,
Anon reflecting the heavens' calm,
Anon their commotion;
Reaching after the moon
As the mind for the sum of truth;
Hiding within its caves
The pearl and the monster, forsooth.
Then, too, it never is full,
Though numberless brimming urns
Each of the thronging water nymphs
Into its bosom turns.
Down the hillsides,
Through the valley,
Up where mountain shadows rally,
In the sunbeams' glow and glitter,
'Mong the nightshades rank and bitter,
By the quiet, dreamy glen,
Through the serpent-haunted fen,
Over sanded ways of gold,
Over granite sharp and cold,
Come the nymphs in ceaseless train
With their offerings to the main.
Urns of crystal wreathed with foam,
Sparkling like the azure dome,
In the ocean's depths they pour,
Yet it ever sighs for more.
'Tis even thus with the human soul,
Though it drink from every proffered bowl,
Though it bow to satisfy its thirst
Wherever the springing waters burst,
It fails to quench the fond desire
For something more and something higher.

Not the knowledge of a seraph
Tutored by the Source of mind,
Not the power to wield a scepter
Over all created kind,
Not the wealth to buy a jewel
Flaming in the midnight sky,
Not all wealth and power and knowledge
Can the spirit satisfy.
Not the laurel wreath of honor
Gleaming on the lofty brow,
Not the praise of envious millions
That before the hero bow,
Not affection's silken fingers
Twining rosebuds 'round the heart,
Not the sum of love and honor
Satisfies the immortal part.
Not the radiant soul of beauty
Gleaming through the flowers of earth,
Not the bright-winged spirits hovering
Round the star of evening's birth;
Not this universe cathedral
Hung with lamps that incense breathe,
Sending up their cloud of homage
All the pillared throne to wreath;
Not the land that glows and sparkles
At imagination's word;
Not the strains of angel music
In the spirit's silence heard;
Not unfathomed depths of feeling
Where the dusty soul may lave
Are enough to still its longings,
That it nothing more shall crave.
For a moment each will gladden
With its golden ray of joy,
But no moment brings a blessing
Which the next shall still employ.

Ye thoughtful who grope in the depths of the mind
The spring of its marvelous working to find,
Ye philosophers scanning the mystical page
Whose characters ever have tempted the sage,
Can ye tell why flameth this ceaseless fire?
Can ye read the end of this strange desire?

Is it not an echo ringing
Through the spirit's weird halls,
Echo of an invitation
That from some far future falls?
Echo of a language wooing
To some fairer, better land,
Where the soul enriched, enraptured,
On some starry hight shall stand?
Echo of the blest assurance
That as is the soul's desire
Such shall be its full provision,
Ever something more and higher?
Not as an eagle fettered and caged
And left to languish and die,
While the piteous gleam of a heavenward glance
Fades from its noble eye,—
But bearing enclosed in its deep recess
A title affixed with power
To something beyond its highest thought,
To an unencircled dower,—
The spirit of man can feast on hope,
Can spread its airy wing
And darting above the storm-tossed cloud,
In its self-poised grandeur sing:

“Something beyond! My life is a day
That knows no twilight’s muffled ray;
Something beyond! My heritage lies
Away, away through the azure skies.

Ye clouds of gold

Unfold! Unfold!

I fain would view my wealth untold.

Now the shrouding mists arise,
Now the vision dims my eyes!
Fountain gleaming over fountain!
Mountain overtopping mountain!

O wondrous sight!

O vistas bright!

Away, away, no end, no bound,
Unhedged, unmeasured lies this peerless ground.

What is earth with all her glory
But a single golden grain
From the highs which round the horizon
Dimly rise, a ghostly train?
Earth on earth without her shadows,
Earth on earth without her tears,
Worlds unnumbered draped in sunshine,
Yea, infinity appears.”

And a voice like angel music,
As a mother’s accents fond,
Whispers, “Spirit, ’tis thy birthright,
Ever something still beyond.”

TO A SICK FRIEND

Accept these roses, beloved friend,
That the June doth lend.
Tokens of love divine are they,
For the Father touched each tiny spray
And sent them to cheer thee on thy way.

They are the voice of the glorious June,
When the world is attune.
And they speak not only of love divine,
But with them human love doth twine
And from their lustrous petals shine.

Their fragrance will breathe of the kindly thought
Of sympathy wrought;
Of the prayer that rises, dear friend, for thee
As the flower-wreathed days so swiftly flee,
That vigor may soon thy portion be.

Does it seem so very long to wait,
It comes so late?
But the roses waited the genial day
That bade them all their wealth display,
And they quite forgot the long delay.

And thus, dear friend, a day will dawn
With the shadows gone;
And from thy couch thou wilt arise,
The gleam of health in thy lovelit eyes,
While thy cheeks its rose tint richly dyes.

THE DYING WIFE

"I thought if we could have one more kiss."

One more kiss,
One more link in the chain of bliss
That has bound our souls as the years have flown,
My dearest, my own,
One more kiss.

One more kiss!
Beckoned to fairer worlds than this,
I could not, darling, take my flight
To realms of light,
Without one kiss.

It tells the tale
Of a true heart's love that will never fail,
Of a memory that will still abide
Though ages glide
And stars grow pale.

It speaks the hope
That though awhile in gloom you grope,
You yet will find the glowing dawn,
The shadows gone,
The heavenly slope!

And we shall meet
Where springing flowers are wondrous sweet,
Where earth's fond love its fruitage finds,
And rapture binds
The moments fleet.

One more kiss;
Its meaning you will never miss,
Beloved, till that glad embrace,
When, face to face,
We greet in bliss!

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

Waterbury, 1884

Granite and bronze uprear
To our glorious slain!
Granite the courage that wavered not, faltered not
Granite the purpose heroic that altered not;
Granite the noble hearts bared
To the murderous rain;
The tribute though meager,
Grateful and eager,
With tears for their pain,
Granite and bronze we rear
To our glorious slain.

Bronze and granite uplift
To our patriots dear!
Tarnish the bronze, but their purity paleth not;
Perish the bronze, but their memory faileth not;
Shrined are our love and our grief
In the emblems we rear;
With swelling emotion
We hail their devotion
Unblemished with fear;
Bronze and granite for aye
Will utter them dear.

'Neath these October skies
Honor our dead!
Pure as the azure the love that impelled them;
Stainless the fervor that seized them, that held
them;
Lustrous the valor that crowned
Every patriot's head;

Gallant the foe they fought,
Nobly each hero wrought,
Just where his duty led;
Under these glowing skies
Honor our dead!

Publish, O city, the praise
Of the heroes asleep!
Break, bending elms, into beauty and glory!
Flash out, ye banners, the heart-thrilling story!
Chime all ye bells, while the trumpets
Their harmony sweep!
Lips with the theme aflame
Utter their peerless fame!
Hearts sob and weep!
O that our praises might waken
These heroes asleep!

Stand, O granite and bronze
While the ages shall roll!
Tell the unborn the great deeds of their sires!
Move them to greatness as duty requires!
Bid them by action heroic
Sweet freedom extol!
Ready at country's call,—
Ready to fight or fall,—
Fervent in soul;
Faithful to man and to God
While the centuries roll.

OUR HEROIC DEAD

Music shall swell in their honor,
Loud let it ring in the air,
Cornet and cymbal and drum-beat
Answer the bugle's blare;
This it was that inspired them,
This that with energy fired them,
Moved them to do and to dare.

Songs to their praise shall be chanted,
Thrilling the air of the May,
Manhood and youth in accordance
Lifting melodious lay;
Songs that re-echo their story,
Songs that bear onward their glory,
These shall be chanted for aye.

Dirges shall wail o'er their pillow,
Dirges for beauty and bloom,
For manliest strength and affection
Hid in the pitiless tomb;
Measures that sob and that quiver,
Like waters of deep-rolling river,
Shall flow o'er their silence and gloom.

GEN. FREDERICK D. GRANT

Brave soldier of the nation,
True soldier of the cross,
With countless of our fellows
We mourn thy loss.

Yet, far above earth's conflicts,
Whose thunders never cease,
'Mid great heroic spirits
Thou hast found peace.

And while the Hudson lingers
To chant thy mournful dirge,
Then hastes to tell the story
To ocean surge;

Thy name and his who gave it
With splendor jeweled o'er,
America will honor
Forevermore.

MEMORIAL DAY

Break into bloom, O sunshine of May,
Blossom in beauty, O leaf-mantled spray,
Crimson and azure and snow outspread
Over the couch of our glorious dead.

Here drop your tears, O sable-robed night,
Lift here, O morn, your banners of light,
Stars of the evening look down from the sky,
Guarding the spot where the conquerors lie.

Here breathe your balm, O zephyr of spring,
Bird of the air, here linger and sing,
Trees of the forest, O cease not your dirge,
Echo it ever, old ocean's wild surge.

Freemen, recall the beauty and worth
Hid from your view in the dust of the earth;
O 'twas for us that they fought and they bled;
What owe we not to our glorious dead?

Nation redeemed, come honor the brave,
Over their couch your starry flag wave;
Garland with laurel unfading their bed,
Pillow in glory each low-lying head!

THE CONVALESCENT

Welcome, dear lady, to life and to vigor
Welcome to scenes that have waited thee long;
Much we have prayed for thee;
Weeks we have stayed for thee;
Sadness has fettered our laughter and song;
Welcome again to our rapturous throng.

Earth wreathes her garlands of lilies to greet thee;
Gilds them with sunshine and glory untold;
Bends her bright skies for thee;
Spends her clear dyes for thee;
Touches the arches with sapphire and gold;
Waits, thee in splendor and joy to enfold.

SENT TO QUEEN MARGHERITA OF
ITALY, BY MELLICENT PORTER
CHAPTER, D. A. R.

“Break not, O woman’s heart, but still endure!”
Thus wrote the laureate to England’s queen
When he, she loved had fallen at her side.

“Break not, O woman’s heart,” we humbly cry
To thee, who in an evil hour didst lose
The arm that sheltered and the heart that loved.

Break not, O royal heart, but calm as he
Who met so bravely cruelty’s assault
And passed a hero to his heavenly throne,
Endure the bitter grief, a heroine,
Till God shall call thee to his side again.

In all the love that wreathes thee round, be strong;
The love of kin and people, and the love
Of thousands in the wide, wide earth.
For not a woman’s heart is touched with woe
But sympathizes with thy cruel fate;
And not a woman’s heart is glad but grieves
That equal gladness is not left to thee.
This western world that owes so much to thine
Deeply condole with Italy’s sad queen.

OCTOBER 26, 1899

C. G. D.

Where hast thou been, my darling boy,
Since that dark day, one year ago,
When northward swept the wail of woe
That drowned the accents of our joy?

Didst know how ached our hearts for thee
As days and weeks thy precious form,
Beaconed by sunlight, rocked by storm,
Was borne upon the tossing sea?

Didst mark our grief as home at last,
To thee we opened wide the door,
And in they reverently bore
Thy manhood bound in silence fast?

Didst see the throngs that gathered round,
And hear the words of loving praise,
And on the martial splendor gaze,
And note thy couch in hallowed ground?

Dost know how sad has been the year,
How blight has mingled with its bloom,
And all its sunshine paled in gloom,
For that thou wert no longer here?

Hast heard how victory complete
Has crowned the work that thou didst share,
And given hope to islands fair
Long crushed beneath the oppressor's feet?

Hast learned the fortunes of the East,
And how the hosts from bondage freed,
Their liberators charge with greed
And war's grim horrors have increased?

Didst hear the shouts when Dewey came
A conqueror from the orient far,
Adorned with many a gleaming star
And grandly trumpeted by fame?

And didst thou hear our humbler strain
Of triumph as our own returned,
And patriotism glowed and burned
From morning's dawn to twilight's wane?

O that as martial music pealed
Thou mightst have trod the crowded ways
And listened to the people's praise
With other heroes from the field!

Ah, well! 'Twas otherwise ordained;
The great Commander, it maybe,
In other realms had need of thee,
And faith alone to us remained.

We will be brave as thou wast brave,
And share the joy that others know,
And weep with those who bear the blow
That swept their dear ones to the grave.

And when life's checkered scene is crossed,
And we the farthest goal have won,
'Mid glories of the setting sun
Perchance we'll find the loved and lost.

KELLOGG DAY

WELCOME

Over the continent, over the seas,
Banded by billow, wafted by breeze,
Bathed in the sunshine of tropical skies,
Watched by the stars as by love-lighted eyes,
Past coral islands awave with their palm,
Floating through oceans of fragrance and balm
True to New England where'er he may roam,
Cometh our hero at last to his home!

Memory paints for him ever and aye
Scenes of that wonderful morning in May,
When from the hight of her ancient renown
Spain 'mid the clash of the battle went down.
In the front of the conflict the Baltimore gleamed;
Grim as an angel of vengeance she seemed;
Spoke then her iron lips startling the world
As 'gainst stern oppression her protest she hurled.

Fierce was the strife as the day mounted high;
Battlesmoke blotted the sun from the sky;
Spain saw her fleet and her forces o'erthrown;
Reaped the full harvest of blood she had sown.
Then in its beauty the Stripe and the Star
Shone o'er the tranquilized waters afar!
Peace dropped her mantle, the battle was done,
And Dewey was admiral, victory was won!

'Mid the wild flames of that terrible day,
Standing unblenched in the bullet's dread way,
Passing the powder and yielding the ball,
Wounded and bleeding, yet calm amid all,
He, our own hero, the Yankee boy true,
Firm as the hills in whose shadow he grew,
Thrilled with the valor of patriot sires,
Bravely toiled on through the battle's fierce fires.

What were his thoughts as the angel of death
Hovered so closely and scorched with his breath?
We can imagine the picture whose gleam
Brightened his eye as a beautiful dream;
Home with its loved ones, the place of his birth,
Dearer to him than all else of the earth;
These elm-shaded streets; the joys of his youth;
The prayer he had learned; the unchangeable
truth.

Glad dawns the day when he's with us once more,
Vigorous, hearty and hale as of yore;
Bronzed by the kiss of the amorous sun;
Proud of the conquest the navy has won;
Greeted by hosts who rejoice in his fame;
Cheered by the plaudits that honor his name;
Thanks that the Power that o'ershadows the wave
Yet again gives us our Kellogg, the brave!

A REMINISCENCE

To J. D. W.

Upon an earlier April day,
Full forty years ago,
Another darling came to cheer
Our pilgrimage below.

He was a comely little youth,
With sunnier hair than thine,
And eyes that changed to softest brown
From blue akin to mine.

I pressed him to my happy heart,
And to him sang my joy;
And soon he whispered, "Tell me 'bout
When you was little boy."

And as I told him wondrous things
Which fancy painted well,
He would exclaim to those about,
"Just hear my papa tell!"

But soon, too soon, he left my arms
And bore my song away;
Yet I am finding it again,
This later April day.

For somehow, John, it seems to me,
As I thy form enfold,
That thou art he to whom I sang
In those sweet days of old.

Then life before me lay, but now
The sunset draweth near,
My work is nearly done, and thou
Perchance wilt take it, dear.

And maybe I shall find again,
Some sweet celestial day,
The boy who years and years ago
From "papa" went away.

And maybe, darling, by and by,
We shall together stand,
And sing a nobler song; with me
My boys on either hand!

OUR FELLOWSHIP

Sometimes I sit and hold the boy,
And though he silent seems,
There is an answer in his soul
To all my thoughts and dreams.
"I wonder, baby, if before
You've dwelt upon this earth,
And now have found, perchance your tenth,
Or, maybe, twentieth birth?"
He opes his eyes, and looks so wise,
He understands me well,
And I can catch his quiet sigh:
"I know but will not tell!"
"If up in heaven you lingered long,
And knew the bright ones there,
I wonder if you met the boy
That had my love and care?"
He slightly smiles, and in his eye
There shines a tiny tear,
As if my question had aroused
A memory sad and dear!

THE KISS

The baby's cheek is as soft as silk,
A wonderful cheek to kiss;
And his little mouth with roseleaf lips
Just challenges one to bliss.

But if we attempt to osculate,
His nurses are not irenic;
In a tone of horror they all exclaim,
"It's by no means hygienic!"

And if we plead, "But we were kissed,
And life still with us stays;"
With great contempt they say, "There were
No microbes in those days!"

THE MURPHY CAMPAIGN

1893

We've a sort of lingering notion
'Twas "a campaign of emotion,"
'Twas a flood of fun and laughter
Bursting forth and following after;
'Twas amazingly amusing,
All proprieties confusing;
Just swamping all the staid ones,
The bachelor and maid ones,
All the deacons and the lawyers,
All the builders and destroyers,
All the tearful undertakers,
All the brass and button makers,
All the workmen and contractors,
All the city's benefactors,
In a boundless, soundless ocean
Of "amusement and emotion."

In fact, if one should "work us,"
We'd admit it was a circus,
The manager gyrating,
And we humbly imitating,
His performance emulating
As he set us all a-prating!
Our leader stamped and thundered
While all Waterbury wondered,
And surrendered with devotion
To "amusement and emotion."

It was only fun and frolic
For such as loved to rollick;
It was only foam and bubble,
Scarcely paying for the trouble;
It was only glint and glitter,
One sweet drop amid the bitter;

'Twas the birdsong of the meadow,
And the purple of the shadow;
'Twas the blue of distant mountain,
'Twas the music of the fountain,
'Twas the loveliness of fairy,
'Twas whatever's light and airy,
Just a mild and pleasant potion,
This campaign of mere "emotion."

But, from out this fragile seeming,
This dim, evanescent gleaming,
This moonshine in the vapor,
This city built on paper,
This thoughtless execution,
Behold, an evolution!
Apparent is my moral;
The foam builds up the coral,
The moonlight tints the petal, -
The bugle stirs the mettle,
The distant blue assuages
The grief that whelms and rages,
And e'en the pictured city
Is more than simply pretty,
A magic, potent lever
It moves to brave endeavor.

And so, the fun and laughter
Show fruitage ripening after;
And so the telling story
That wrapped our "Ned" in glory.
And so the wit and humor,
The incident and rumor,
The quaint, incisive saying
That set a soul a-praying,
The word so sweet and tender
That only he could render,
The period bold and thrilling
That captured souls unwilling,
The language strangely winning

That caught and held the sinning,
The hand-grasp warm and thawing
With its magnetic drawing,
The gesture wild yet taking
That set the platform quaking,
The shrewd, pathetic pleading
The climax oft succeeding,
The conquests high and lowly
Of lives till then unholy,
The campaign we remember
That cheered the dull November,
This yields its harvest yellow,
Its fruitage rich and mellow.

From out its waves of feeling
To every soul appealing,
From out the toss and foaming
That seethed amid the gloaming,
Like Venus from the surges
Pure, manly life emerges;
Life in broad proportions builded,
Uplifted, garnished, gilded,
By the voice to which we listened,
By the wit that gleamed and glistened,
By the pathos and affection,
By the wise and kind correction,
By the soul that like an ember
Glowed amid the gray November.
What fruit could be diviner,
Be nobler, grander, finer,
Than that which, we've a notion,
Crowned this "campaign of emotion"?

WILTON

1901

Fair are the hills of our native town,
Sweet are the valleys that lie between,
Sparkling the river rippling down
Through the meadows green.

Nowhere else is the air so clear,
Nowhere else is the sun so bright,
And purer than elsewhere burns each sphere
That gems the night.

But the heart sees more than the eye discerns,
It catches visions of by-gone years,
And over the sacred memory yearns
With smiles and tears.

Here lived the lives that kindled ours;
Here faces beamed with grace benign;
Here blossomed friendship's sweetest flowers
In light divine.

Here in the vigor of careless youth
We strode o'er pathways violet-strewn,
And dreamed the realms of light and truth
Were all our own.

The heavens above were rainbow-spanned,
The skies beyond us were aglow,
And all things our ambition fanned
To be and know.

Here aspiration found its wing,
Here expectation gazed afar,
Here youthful love began to sing
Of guiding star.

Within these sacred walls we met
The Man ideal, the Nazarene,
His crown with every jewel set
Of ray serene.

And to our waking souls He said,
Amid the flush of life's young day,
"By Me to noblest goal be led,
I am the way."

The years have hastened, and once again
The sweet-toned bell to the children calls,
And we see, from the varied haunts of men,
These hallowed walls.

Out from the mists of the sacred past
Voices drift that we knew of yore,
Warm hands clasp ours and hold them fast
As oft before.

We stand in the midst of a blessed throng
In which are the loved of the long-ago,
And we list to the burden of their song
As its measures flow.

They tell of a land where loved ones meet
And never a word of parting hear;
Where the radiant hours with joy are sweet,
Nor dimmed with fear.

And as we listen, He comes again,
The Master with changeless vigor rife,
And He whispers, "Remember, O sons of men,
I am the life."

The skies above us may seem to pale,
And the rainbow tints to lose their glow,
But earth's chief charm will never fail
If Him we know.

There is no death. They only move
In loftier ranges who have gone,
And all the joy of triumph prove
In fadeless dawn.

O friends departed, if to-day
In radiant choirs you gather here,
Believe us faithful, as we say,
"You still are dear."

Fair are the hills of our native town,
Blue in the distance, or touched with gold
As the orb of day goes glorious down
As it sank of old.

Over these hills may the light of truth
And the light of purity shine for aye,
Guiding the feet of age and of youth
In the heavenly way.

Dear mother Church, so youthful still,
Immortal as thy living Lord,
To thee our souls with homage thrill
In every chord.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

The realm of Romance lies far away
From the hurry and bustle of to-day,
Back in the dreamland of the years
Where all in magic guise appears,
Where never is heard the engine's squeal
Nor the "chug" and "toot" of the automobile,
Where the great arc light has never shone
And wireless telegraphy is unknown;
Where the "national game" was never played,
Nor "tainted money" ever made;
Where lords and ladies in castles high
The might of their enemy would defy;
With drawbridge lifted, the deep moat filled,
Retainers posted and guards well drilled,
The barons would feast with their comrades bold,
While their ladies embroidered with threads of
gold;
And life was dreamy and peaceful there
Till the summons came the fight to share.
That knight of old has passed away,
His prancing steed has turned to clay,
His rusted armor silent hangs,
His spear no more on corselet clangs,
His soul heroic, as we trust,
Now wears the laurels of the just.
His type was of the storied past
Whose memory alone could last;
His heroism gems the tale
That all must thrill till time shall fail.
And yet, does not this century need
The man of knightly soul and deed?
Shall not our princely country own
The worthiest knight that earth has known?
Loyal as was not he of old
To principles of finest mould?
Loyal to all that's high and grand,
The standards of this favored land?

Loyal to country's high behest,
Counting the great republic best,
True to the flag of the stripe and star
Whose wondrous beauty streams afar?
Loyal to that celestial throne
Whose splendor through the years has shone?
True "loyalty" must mark the knight
Whose fame in modern days is bright.
And "courtesy" lauded so greatly of old,
Its place conspicuous ever must hold;
Consideration and kindness for all
Who jostle us on this earthly ball;
Catholic, Protestant, Gentile, Jew,
Eagerly rendered each his due;
Republican, Democrat, "silver" or "gold",
Prohibitionist, Socialist, whatever his fold;
Men of the east and men of the west
Flocking to us from the lands oppressed,
Union, or non-union, all of the others,
Whatever their stripe are brothers, our brothers,
For deeper than creed and deeper than skin
Is the bond that makes us mortals kin;
Layman or cleric, renowned or obscure,
Bishop or mayor or servant demure,
Whatever the station we fill on the earth,
Secured by our toil or accorded our birth,
Under all, I'd say it again and again,
We're made in God's image, we're all of us men.
Of like aspiration, endeavor and hope,
With life's puzzling problems we all of us cope;
And each has a right to the kindest thought
Of all who with him in time's struggle have fought.
In a courtesy higher and sweeter indeed,
Our knight of to-day must the ancient exceed.
And so we have faith in the knight of to-day
As never surpassed in the far away;
As gaining a broader view indeed
Of humanity's weal and humanity's need;
Linking the best of the old and the new,

And to loftiest standards ever true;
Finding his mission in fast and prayer,
Faithfully loving one lady fair,
Eager to succour the soul distressed,
Ready to fight for men oppressed;
Holding the stainless banner high,
Prepared if need arise to die
Rather than suffer the sacred trust
To trail dishonored in the dust;
In private life and in public too
For the noblest ends to dare and do.
Such is the knight that we love and praise
In these the grandest and best of days.

WELCOME TO
DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT

1887

To the chaplet love is weaving
For our honored guest to-night,
May a stranger and an alien
Add with reverence his mite?

May he bring a sprig of laurel
From the upper Berkshire hills,
Where the classic Muse of Bryant
Murmurs in the crystal rills;

Where the deathless shade of Garfield
Walks beneath the bending elms,
And where Hopkins, still unwearied,
Guides through philosophic realms;

Where beneath the hoary summits
That the soul with awe inspire,
Learning opens wide her portals,
Proudly guards her vestal fire;

May a sprig of mountain laurel
With your nobler growths combine,
As a coronet of honor
For illustrious brows you twine?

Great the privilege, I count it,
In this lustrous hour to trail
Just a bit of Williams purple
Underneath the blue of Yale.

Yale stands sponsor at the christening
Of the child among the hills;
Gives to it a worthy guardian,
Who his place with honor fills;

Even then from her abundance
Kindly making others rich;
Thanks to her for grace and wisdom
In the stately Dr. Fitch.

He was trained for high position,
We may well recall to-night,
'Mid the days of Revolution,
By the learned Tutor Dwight.

And she thither sent another
Who uncounted souls should sway,
In the radiant years that followed,
Tutor Jeremiah Day.

And she gave a second leader
To the forces there arrayed,
Dr. Griffin, "prince of preachers,"
Heart of fire, of manner staid.

And at last, with due reluctance,
She has yielded to his own,
Him who 'mid her lustrous circle
With a native brilliance shone;

Franklin Carter, not unhonored
In the place that gave him birth;
Williams owes to Yale a portion
Of his princely wealth of worth.

Thus throughout the century finished,
Yale with wisely gracious hand
Has enriched the institution
That adorns our northern land.

And the sons of Williams, loyal,
With a troth that cannot fail,
To their mother, now and ever
Venerate her mother, Yale.

In her name I humbly venture,
With unqualified delight,
To present her salutations
To our honored guest to-night.

With a heritage unequalled,
Touched with power from ages flown,
He rejoices in a sweetness
And a radiance all his own.

Keen and bright as blade Damascus,
Deep with philosophic lore,
Wont in loftiest realms of fancy
On undaunted wing to soar;

Genial as a Maytime morning,
With a heart as warm as sound,
With a sympathy inspiring
And a grace that knows no bound;

Loyal to the past and clinging
To the truth it held so dear;
Yet outlook for the dawning
Of a morn divinely clear;

Ever waiting for the coming
Of a day whose cloudless sheen
Shall all truth reveal to mortals,
In its fair, eternal mien;

Such is he whose presence with us
We a benediction call,
And whose words of honied wisdom
On our ears in music fall.

Long may he in loftiest station
Sway the emblems of his state;
Yielding to the world of letters
Wealth his genius shall create;

Leading to a grander future
Hosts of eager, hopeful youth,
Opening to their ravished vision
Hidden glories of the truth.

Late when he returns to heaven,
To the rest so richly won,
May he leave a world uplifted,
With its golden age begun.

So the alien and the stranger
To the commonwealth of Yale,
With a loyalty to Williams
That can never faint nor fail,

Begs to say, with deep emotion,
From his very heart to-night,
God bless Yale in all her future,
God bless glorious Dr. Dwight.

MEN OF THE HILLS

WILLIAMS REUNION

To-night we look away
To the far hills whence came our strength,
Whose shadow falls upon our life
Through all its length.

We saw them in the glow
Of youth's fair morn, enwrapped in rose
And all the dewy, golden grace
That fancy knows.

Brightly that vision gleams
Through all the crowding, bustling years;
Still charming is the picture that
To-night appears.

All hail the glorious hills,
Which dipped in heaven's own stainless blue,
With ever pure and radiant tints
Our souls imbue.

Life labor means and care,
But every loyal spirit thrills
Whenever gleam upon his thought
Those classic hills.

God bless those hights serene
And the bright youth who gather there,
The wondrous view that they afford
Eager to share.

While gratitude sincere
For the glad past our bosom fills,
May we not proudly call ourselves
"Men of the Hills?"

Men of the azure hills!

Would that we this were justly thought,
Moulded where loftiest views of life
Are ever taught;

Where lifted from the plane
Of base conceit and purpose low,
We come the rarer air to breathe,
Its joys to know;

Men of the sun-wrapped hills,
Where shines undimmed the light of truth
Whose beams still guide and gladden all
In age or youth;

Men of the holy hills,
Where haloed saints have humbly trod,
And from those altitudes have stepped
To be with God!

SOME OF THE MEN

As we look abroad and calmly think
Of men who have climbed those hights, to drink
Of the springs that with music there o'erflow
And send refreshment to vales below,
Is it not quite clear that a host have shown
A loftiness that was all their own,
A character that could fitly claim
"Men of the Hills" as their rightful name?
Men that above the mists have towered,
Whom God with highest gifts has dowered,
Who with a purpose and view sublime
Have wisely and nobly served their time?

Shall we speak of the Hopkins brothers, twain,
Who shone with a light that will still remain
While Greylock stands encrowned with snow,
Ruling the landscapes far below?
Shall we speak of the Fields who in triple force
Have so illumined their famous course?
Of Chadbourne, who nature loved, and knew
Where the first meek floweret of springtime blew;
The man of affairs, at home as well
In the halls of state as the shaded dell?
Of Garfield, stepping by mighty stride
To the summit, where, glory-crowned, he died?

Shall we speak of Bascom who flashes light
To the heart of the problem dark as night?
Of Gladden, philosopher, poet, priest,
Lecturer, author, and not the least
Of those who the public conscience guide
To the point where justice and right abide?
Of Dewey, who stands where Storrs has stood,
With mind as brilliant and heart as good?
Of Perry, our Bliss, and our honest pride,
The Neptune who sways the "Atlantic's" tide?
Of Mabie, the genial litterateur,
His soul with the high ideal astir?

Shall we speak of Dike who is known afar
As the family's lustrous, guiding star;
The man who is welding with fadeless force
The souls that coveted swift divorce?
Of Dole, who has set a priceless gem
In the nation's splendid diadem?
Of Armstrong, born where sun and wave
Pacific's islands lovingly lave,
But who bravely confronted war's grim face
That he might rescue a captive race,
And raise to manhood's high estate
The victims of a cruel fate?

Shall we speak of Carter's keen-eyed brain,
Of Cuthbert Hall and the Tracys twain,
Of the younger Garfields of rising fame
Still further to honor an honored name?
Of Leupp, who is steering without ado
The red man's often wrecked canoe;
And who will safely force its way
Though rocks and rapids its course would stay?
Of the Griffins, presiding with genius rare
In an editor's sanctum or savant's chair?
Of Putney, now silent, whose legal lore
A coveted prize to the college bore?

Shall we speak of our Andrews, calm and sweet,
Sitting in age at the Master's feet,
His life a copy in radiant lines
Of that whose glory immortal shines?
Of Elmore, our chieftain, the financier,
Whose heart is as warm as his head is clear,
Who marshals our clans with a genial grace
And governs us all by the smile on his face?
Of Smith, his companion, judicial or gay
In his moods, as is fitting the passing day?
Of Ranney, enthroned with ability meet,
A worthy successor, in Bushnell's proud seat?

Of others about us, still others away,
Men sturdily meeting the needs of the day,
Alert and athletic in body and mind,
Adorning, inspiring and guiding mankind;
Of these would we speak could we tarry so long,
For they rise up before us, a notable throng.
But they speak for themselves in the place that
each fills,
And prove themselves worthily "Men of the Hills."
Men who have stood on the glorious hights
Where the soul sees its heritage, seizes its rights,
Feels its pulses athrob with an impulse divine,
And is thrilled with a zeal that shall never decline.

We live in an age that is stirred to the core
With an eagerness bent on the capture of more!
More money, more knowledge, more power to
control

The forces of nature, the forces of soul.
What's needed is men who are lofty in aim,
Of hearts with the highest ambition aflame,
Exalted in view, too exalted to yield
To the tempter's device and surrender the field;
Not stooping to methods that shrink from the
light,
For selfish advancement disdaining the right;
But men lifted far above baseness and greed,
Of purified thought and beneficent deed.

Is not this the time for the "Men of the Hills,"
Of summit ideals and granitelike wills?
Of vision as broad as the mountains afford?
Of purposes caught where the eagles have soared?
Of serenity such as the ridges uplift
Where the shadow and sunlight alternately drift?
Where the beautiful cliffs flash with rose at the
dawn
And are royally purple when day has withdrawn?
Where the heights stand in majesty, crowned with
their gold
As the treasures and splendors of noontide unfold?
At the vivid remembrance our every heart thrills;
Our ambition is this, to be "Men of the Hills."

HEXAMETERS

Winthrop Davenport Foster, you are a poet by
nature,
Drawing your inspiration from those who have
gone before you,
Not to say that your name has nothing to do with
the matter!
You as a student of Homer, sightless old singer and
dreamer,
Enter into his spirit and catch the vision that
charmed him.
Finely you render his verse, giving his accent and
cadence,
Giving as well his thought, simple yet most im-
pressive,
Making yourself hexameters, modeled after his
pattern,
Breathing the lofty conception even as he has
enshrined it.
Youth, go on with your study, carrying it to com-
pleteness.
Give us translations of Homer worthy the artist
immortal.
Turn the whole of the Iliad into hexameter English,
Then begin with the Odyssey, story of far-famed
Ulysses;
Make the old poet resplendent in language that's
glowing
And throbbing with life, e'en life of the twentieth
century.
So shall your name be immortal like his in far-off
Achaia,
Who sang in the earliest daydawn, a musical bird
of the twilight.
Then my name through you shall be lustrous and
shine through the ages.

Send me more snatches of music, notes from your
quivering harpstrings,
Prophecies rich of your triumph, telling already
your glory!
I shall be charmed with the melody, more with
your purpose
Every hindrance to master and climb to the sum-
mit
Where stand the victors and monarchs in splendor
undying!

EVOLUTION

The old church watched the new one
With stern and critical eye,
As through the golden autumn
It lifted itself on high,
Never its gaze for a moment
Turned from the growing pile,
Never its frowning features
Softened into a smile.

I wondered what strange emotions
Were stirring the ancient fane;
If it looked at its brave successor
With a heart of grief and pain;
If cruel envy had entered
And clung to the altar's side;
If a bitter and jealous hatred
Had ventured there to hide.

One night, while the city slumbered,
I heard, as I thought, a cry
From the tower of the ancient temple,
Tremulous, sad and high;

A voice to the newly risen:
"What are you doing there?
What do you mean by coming
My honor and toil to share?"

And out from the comely structure
Of brownstone down the street,
The answer came in a moment,
In accents mild and sweet:
"My honored predecessor,
From Gothic Hall to you
Was a step that all commended,
A move to wisdom due;

And now from you to me, friend,
With my decked, substantial wall,
Is another step of progress,
Approved by judges all.
I scarcely need remind one
So old as you and sage,
That 'theistic evolution'
Is the watchword of the age."

AN EXPERIENCE

I entered a gloomy valley
Where the air was damp and chill,
And the dewdrops seemed like teardrops
As they heavy hung and still;
And my soul was as dark as the shadows
That lay in the somber vale,
And the fears that sprang within me
Bade hope and courage fail.

Hither and thither I wandered,
And gloomier grew the way,
And I said, "Here ends the journey,
I never shall find the day;"
And visions of sunny hilltops
Where I'd breathed enchanted air
And glimpses of vanished beauty
Were haunting me to despair.

A horrible night oppressed me
And I know not what befell,
Yet misery hid in its grimness
That tongue nor pen could tell;
But at length,—I was wearily conscious
Of a glimmer of rosy dawn,
And that some of the shadows near me
Were thinning, and some were gone.

Above, on a tree-branch, a songster
Burst forth into melody sweet;
A tremor of hope stirred within me,
I wonderingly rose to my feet;
And lo, just before me the pathway
That led from the valley of gloom,
Inviting my feet to the uplands
Aflame with their sunshine and bloom!

I passed to their beauty and brightness,
I stand on their hights to-day;
With eyes dim with voiceless emotion
I gaze o'er the terror-strewn way;
And my prayer is, "God take it and use it,
The life that was brought so low;
God guide to the light all who wander
Dismayed in the valley of woe!"

THE WILTON PULPIT

Its Surroundings and Associations

What sacred and tender memories throng
This consecrated space!
Cherubic and glorious wings must e'er
O'ershadow the holy place.

O many a sanctified, blessed spot
This beautiful earth can boast;
But to scores here met,—this Altar of God
Is the place that is hallowed most.

A mantle of glory descends
On those who minister here,
Whose radiant folds have ever wrapped
The worthy and the dear.

No surplice of shimmering white
Nor robe that a prelate wore,
Compares with this tribute of love and power
From those who have gone before.

Forgive me, but I recall
A day when this mantle of might
Less warmly I here desired, than one
That should bury me out of sight.

For on this very desk
As an altar of sacrifice,
My first-born sermon I offered up
With countless fears and sighs.

Paul spoke of the "feeble knees,"
And I well knew what he meant.
For mine beneath their weight of woe
Like reeds in a tempest bent.

And David tells of the tongue
That cleaves to the roof of the mouth,
And mine seemed firmly packed
In the dust of an August drouth.

"You'll find my text," said I,
And thereupon all grew dim,
And I scarce could tell if 'twas Holy Writ
That I needed to give or a hymn!

And the congregation danced
And whirled in a curious way,
Decidedly festive, it seemed to me,
For the holy Sabbath day.

And I thought,—an earthquake now,
If such a thing could be,—
Would bring a fitting reward to them
And a great relief to me!

My heart,—it quaked instead,
And I labored my sermon through,
And it seemed that ere I could say "Amen,"
The sunset would be due.

But the agony closed at last,
And I found as I went away,
That while I claimed to have suffered,
The people thought it was they!

And so this sacred desk
O'er which bright memories break,
I still must regard, somewhat,
As the martyr regards the stake.

FIRST CHURCH, WATERBURY

1891

One night I was sitting on Center square
Charmed with the scene that is ever fair,
Watching the elms in their silvery glow,
And their shadows flung on the grass below;
Noting the bronzes, tall and grand,
That grace the common on either hand.
But little I thought of the eager life
With which the beautiful scene was rife;
The pictures wrought in the evening's glow
Suggested others of long ago.

While I was looking, St. John's sweet bell
To the present recalled with its lingering knell,
Proclaiming afar that another hour
Had passed beyond human reach and power.
The radiant picture again I knew,
To fact, not fancy, its features true.
"I must leave," said I; when near me drew,
As I thought, a figure in somber hue,
Of style antique and of saintly air,
And of face as dignified as fair.
A startled look filled his searching eyes
As of gravest doubt or of wild surprise.
With courtesy bowing, he eagerly said,
"In just returning from realms of the dead
I sought to discover again the place,
Familiar so long with my form and face.
And I thought it was here, but all I can see
Appears but a puzzling mystery.
Name for me, sir, if you will, this town;"
Astonished, I said, "It has great renown;
Do you carry a watch?" and the words we sing
Regarding the "everlasting spring"
Suggested their most irrelevant rhyme.
But I murmured, "You take no note of time.
'Tis Waterbury town," said I,

“A place where so many would live and die
That real estate is exceedingly high;
Where brass is moulded to forms untold,
And ever transmuted to shining gold;
Where hammer and anvil ne’er cease to ring,
Nor busiest wheels to whirl and sing,
Where”,—but he stopped me. “Somewhere here
I preached the gospel for many a year
But just where it was I’m not so clear.
I thought I remembered the sacred spot,
But going thither, my soul waxed hot
At finding uplifted against the sky
A brazen horse on an altar high,
An idol vaunting itself just there
Where I warned them of idols to beware.
Shocked at the horrible sight I had seen,
I fled to the opposite end of the Green,
When, lo, on another altar there
The form of a woman appeared in air.

Whether Fate or Fury I could not tell,
Or Diana of Ephesus, noted well,
Or the Virgin Mary, or other dame;
But my soul was crushed with the awful shame.
And I saw, and no grief could equal mine,
The lighted candles about her shrine.
Oh, tell me, sir, can it truly be,
That this town has lapsed to idolatry?”

“Oh, no,” I answered, with stifled laugh,
“Don’t take our horse for a golden calf.
We never worship yon prancing steed,
Preferring a record for better speed.
And as for the woman over there,
With the coronet circling her nut-brown hair,
It’s Victory, holding the wreath of bays
For the heroes worthy of deathless praise.
If a woman we worshipped, we’d bow the knee
To a creature of not so high metal as she.

But please, sir, who *are* you?" I now inquired,
For to know the quaint visitor I aspired.
Said he, "When I threaded this spacious park
And here was abiding, they called me Mark.
Through more than a century's half I stood
For all I thought noble and pure and good,
And tried, with such powers as I had, to win
The people I loved from the grasp of sin.
The fruit of my labor I do not know;
They've wholly forgotten, ah, long ago,
The earnest words that I uttered here,
And him who spake them, I greatly fear.
All is so changed; it cannot be
That Waterbury remembers me."

"Why, Rev. Mark Leavenworth," I replied;
"Your name and your influence have not died.
The seeds of truth that you planted here
Yield blossom and fruitage, year by year.
Look over this busy, progressive town,
Extending the fertile valley down,
And climbing the slopes to the sunny height
That watches and guards us on left and right;
Consider the palaces here of toil,
The beautiful homes that garland the soil,
The buildings reared for the children's weal,
And the temples where thousands humbly kneel;
Observe how the bustle of life is here
With its ceaseless vigor and hope and cheer,
And in all that is best in this noble town
You've a right to discover your own renown.
You and the others laid broad and sure
Foundation stones that will ever endure.
Integrity flawless and purpose true,
The justice that never withholds the due,
A public spirit that's high and strong,
Conscience to scuttle the public wrong,
Regard for the welfare of man that sees
Far over the bounds of present ease,—

All these in the early days you taught
And thus for the future you grandly wrought.
Your life 'mid these latest, most stirring days,
Goes throbbing on through our crowded ways,
And Waterbury's responsive still
To the force of your sturdy and manly will."

The old man smiled, and he asked, "But where
Now worship the people of my care?"

I pointed at once to the graceful spire
All flooded and gilt with electric fire;

"Here in a temple both rich and strong
Your dear old Church is uplifting its song
And worshiping Him with reverent soul
Who lives unchanged while the ages roll."

"But who stands now where I stood, to tell
The slippery ways that lead to hell?"

"One Joseph now points to the heavenly bliss,
And urges the people to strive for this."

"Not Joseph Bellamy here returned,
A mightier logic having learned?

Ah, here he would often weave his chain
From a fervid heart and glowing brain,
And with it would leave his listeners bound
As under a magic spell profound.

He cannot be here again to show
The ills that the non-elect shall know?"

"That Bethlehem star is set," I said,

"Your ancient Bellamy's with the dead.

Perchance were he, sainted, to come again
To labor on earth for the souls of men,

He long might live as a man at large,
Enrolled as a minister 'without charge.'

The world has been moving as you must know
Since he, sir, and you in death lay low.

Old issues are passing, new truths appear,
Earth's vision is broadening year by year.

The clergyman stands of his age a part,
The product of forces that pulse in its heart,
Athrill with its thought and aglow with its zeal,

Discerning the false and embracing the real
That leap into view at the turn of the wheel.
His sensitive spirit is pained with the need
Of society given to lust and to greed,
And he eagerly lifts to the view of mankind
The perfect ideal, the heavenly mind,
Strength wedded with gentleness, virtue unpriced,
The splendor of manhood, the crown of the Christ.
And thus, while its product, he fashions his age,
And leads ever up to a worthier stage;
His voice as the trumpet whose musical peal
To conflict calls onward, to conquest as real.
Our Joseph, succeeding you here, we esteem
As a man for his time, in his office supreme,
Awake to the truth and the need of the hour
And bringing to duty high culture and power."
My visitor listened, and studied the while
The church uplifting its shadow-wreathed pile.
He seemed to be dreaming of years that are past
As he waited in silence; then suddenly asked,
"How solves he the question, profound and sub-
lime,
The deepest and grandest inquiry of time?
I mean, sir," now turning in wonder to me,
"How God can be sovereign and man can be free;
The question we struggled with, year after year
And settled with logic as weighty as clear,
And found, having ended and laid down our pen,
That the question was there to be settled again.
Has this my successor, 'mid time's evolution,
Secured what is truly a valid solution?"

"He's come quite as near it," I answered, "as man
In the dim light of earth ever needs to, or can.
A word that explains it has dropped from above,
As sweet as the music of angels; 'tis Love
The love of the Father that streams to the earth
Brings sunshine and beauty and gladness to birth.
Incarnate in verdure, in blossom, in song,

In perfume and tint that to summer belong,
In the sweetness of meadow, the luster of sky,
The glory of worlds that sweep silently by,—
This love from the fathomless spirit divine,
Doth man in its tenderness ever enshrine;
Awakens his pulses and nurtures the flame
That flashes and glows in his marvelous frame;
Endows him with passion and eager desire,
With affections that thrill and hopes that inspire;
Gives home for his solace, the world for his field
That shall discipline, skill and development yield;
Bestows princely honor through all of life's span,
Conferring the freedom that makes him a man.
Love maketh him free, and love sits on the throne
Claiming sovereignty full and forever its own.
So to us freedom here and dominion above
Are but phases of one indivisible love.”
A shake of his head made me feel, I confess,
That my speaking for Joseph was not a success.

THE PURITAN MINISTER'S COURTSHIP

"'Twas here I won the maid," he said,
"I well recall the hour
When first she on my bosom lay,
A pure and perfect flower.

'Twas in the glowing summer-time
When skies were blue and gold,
And heavenly peace seemed everywhere
Creation to enfold.

I'd just received an urgent call
To preach the gospel here,
But felt that first of all the flock
I must secure her ear.

The shadows pointed toward the east
Whence glories new should dawn;
I looked for glory to my soul
Ere daylight should be gone.

With throbbing heart I hither came,
Uncertain of my fate,
Eager, yet loath to pass within
Her father's wicket gate.

Just here, beside the cottage wall,
The clustering lilacs made
A bower of beauty and of peace
Enwrapped in deepest shade.

What was my joy to see the girl
Sit spinning here alone,
As dignified and calm and sweet
As queen upon her throne.

Her profile only was in view,
But this was classic grace;
And filmy wreaths of sunny hair
Bordered the noble face.

I saw that while she twirled the wheel,
Her eyes would oft incline
To letters which I recognized
(O blessed fact!) as mine.

Against the background of the years
That picture still I see,—
The maiden at her spinning-wheel,
So beautiful to me.

Her robe was homespun, white and blue,
Her folded kerchief gray,
Her snowy apron wrought with flowers,
The apple-blooms of May.

Her brow was decked with dainty cap,
A rosebud gemmed her breast;
She wore a look of thoughtfulness
And yet of peace and rest.

She charmed me as I stood and gazed,
She seemed so pure and fair;
I could have thought an angel sat
In her old oaken chair.

‘O Ruth, my Ruth,’ at length I said,
And hastened to her side;
‘I’ve come to give you all my heart,
And pray you be my bride.’

She started, and the mantling blush
Rose over cheek and brow;
‘Will you be mine?’ I eager said,
‘O tell me, tell me now.’

She sat me down beside her there
Within the lilacs' shade,
And said, 'Of that of which you speak
I earnestly have prayed.

And yet I cannot clearly see
The way my feet should tread,
And know not if my heart be right
In urging me to wed.

Our God has called you to a course
Of duty grand and high,
A work too lofty to be shared
With one so weak as I.

I think I love the holy Lord,
And wish His will to do;
And so I wait the certain sign
That I should go with you.'

'Ruth, let us pray,' I humbly said;
We fell upon our knees;
I heard the robin's happy song,
The whisper of the trees.

'O Thou, whose mighty reign is love,
Reveal to us Thy way,
O take us, guide us as Thou wilt,
Unitedly we pray.'

As we uprose, Ruth turned to me
And placed her hand in mine;
'I'm yours,' she said, 'my soul receives
The Master's holy sign.

For, as you prayed, a glory fell
That filled my raptured heart,
And in it came a voice to me:
With him till death shall part.'

She laid her cheek upon my breast,
Her eyes agleam with bliss,
And then with holy tenderness
I gave the virgin kiss.

And nature seemed athrill with song,
Rose-fragrance filled the air,
A brighter sun was pouring down
Its glory everywhere.

The months rolled by, and when at length
I here found blest employ,
A bride I brought her to my home,
My youth's sweet strength and joy."

NORWALK, 1901

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

We've come to a sweet and hallowed time
When the past broods o'er the town
And wakes again the scenes and men
Of conflict and renown.
A dreamy light is on the bay
And its rippling waters tell
Of clumsy craft and homespun sail
Which once they knew so well.
The hills stand silent as if in thought,
In their ancient robe of green,
And lift their heads as if to speak
Of the things that they have seen.
There are murmured tales, if we understood,
In the sobbing of the rills,
And every vale and slope and wood
With retrospection thrills.
Colonial homes exult to-day
In their heritage of years,
And boast superior style, while each
At modern structures sneers.
And up in their attics, as I suspect,
While there's no one there to see,
All "Grandma's treasures" are prone to share
In a burst of old-time glee.
The great wheel says to the linen-wheel,
"Let's honor these passing days,"
And they whirl in a jig while the snapping reel
Keeps time to their merry maze;
And the warming pan with its cymbal lid
Applauds as they chassé,
And the footstove rattles its ashes cold
In a musical sort of way.
And the bellows flutter the blackened herbs
That hang from the garret wall,

And the boneset leaves and the motherwort
 Into the cradle fall.
And the ancient churn that has rested long
 Its dasher lifts once more,
While the straight-backed chairs join arms and
 skip
 O'er the blackened oaken floor;
And the shell that used to sweep the fields
 With its clear-toned call to dine,
Says to the brass-nailed, oxbide trunk,
 "Your style's as loud as mine."
And the pewter platters clap their hands,
 And the old blue pitcher dreams
Of the times gone by when its nose was whole
 And it caught the cider streams;
And grandfather's clock that stands apart,
 With its hands before its face,
With a desperate effort strikes the hour
 With much of its former grace.
O these are days, we may well believe,
 Of honest and hearty mirth,
With all that in far-off golden years
 Can boast exalted birth.

THE YOUNG PURITAN'S WOOING

Across the road from father's house
The Matthew Marvins dwelt,
And Sarah was the girl for whom
A deep regard I felt.
And as the years rolled on and we
Together talked and played,
And often through the open fields
And by the water strayed,
That "deep regard" of mine increased
Until I came to feel
That if I had her faithful love
'Twould all my sorrows heal.
I thought that with her company
My life, though filled with care,
Would blossom out in loveliness
And fruit immortal bear.
For Sarah was as sweet a girl
As ever breathed the air,
As graceful as a forest rose,
And just as bright and fair.
Her cheeks were pink as dawning day,
Her hair was finest gold,
Her eyes were blue as ocean waves,
Her charm could ne'er be told.
One springtime, 'twas in '79,
If I remember right,
And just a day like this, when earth
And sky were wondrous bright;
I in the furrow left the plough,
I had no heart for work,
Though none had ever dared to call
Young Thomas Betts a "shirk."
Across the path I went in haste,
And Sarah asked, if she
That afternoon would take a walk
Away down by the sea.

I told her that the samphire then
Had reached a goodly size,
And that with quantities thereof
Her mother we'd surprise.
She was agreed, and so we came
And reached this very spot,
And of the sea-washed succulent
Gathered a generous lot.
And then we sat upon the point
Where we are met to-day,
And heard the waters lap, and saw
Them sparkle far away.
And after hitching all about,
And struggling with a cough,
And sitting close to her and then
Removing farther off,
At length I said, "You, Sarah, know,"
And then my courage fell,
"You, Sarah, know—how pleasant 'tis
To see the waters swell.
No, no, it isn't that I'd say,
But that you know full well,
How pleasant 'tis down by the sea
A little time to dwell!
For shame" I cried, "You, Sarah, know,
What I can never tell,
But though I have a stumbling tongue,
My heart it loves you well.
And I have long desired to learn
If you will be my wife,
And bring a heavenly charm and joy
Into my lonely life."
She sat in all her radiant youth
Where you are sitting now,
With dreamy eyes and glowing cheek
And calm and thoughtful brow;
And she replied, "You're dear to me,
And that you well must know,

For the sweet secret of my heart
I'm sure I could but show.
But is it meet that with our love
Life's fleeting years we fill?
Has it for us been thus decreed?
Is it the Father's will?
We must, in fear, our souls prepare
For pleasures that endure,
And make our calling, 'mid earth's scenes,
And our election sure.
I've asked that God would guide aright
In these affairs of mine,
And yet, if He have heard my prayer,
He gives no certain sign.
O that while here in joy we meet
Beside the laughing sea,
Some token might be given us
If you are meant for me:
Look, Thomas, see yon rock that lifts
Its head above the wave,
I wonder if its rugged height
The rising tide will lave.
Let's pray that if it be His will
That you be wholly mine,
That rock, ere night, shall hide itself
Beneath the crystal brine."
And so we asked that He whose hand
Directs the shifting tide
Might thus declare if 'twere His will
That she should be my bride.
And then we watched, O slowly rose
The waters of the bay,
Never so slowly as upon
That far-off, fateful day!
We sat in silence, knowing well
How much the signal meant,
And all my soul in pleading prayer
To heaven for mercy went!

Slowly, so slowly rose the tide,
Yet steadily it came,
While over it the western skies
Burst into gorgeous flame.
At last, the waters swept the rock!
They settled o'er its head!
They hid it 'neath their blessed waves!
"It is His will," she said.
And while the wavelets leaped and laughed
And splendor filled the skies,
A look of heavenly rapture stole
Into her soulful eyes.
"Let's praise our gracious God," I said,
Our voices blent in one
As grateful psalm we sang, and gazed
Upon the setting sun.
"The sea is His; He made its waves;
He lifts them at His will;
And sea and land and storm and sun
His purposes fulfill."
At length we took the samphire home,
Our errand a success;
But no one knew what joy had come
Our inmost souls to bless.
In violet tints the twilight glowed,
The west was shining still,
And from the forest swept the note
Of happy whip-poor-will.
"'Tis heaven begun," my Sarah cried;
"My soul exultant sings;
Yon sunset clouds seem seraphs bright
Afloat on snowy wings."

THE NEW ENGLAND PIONEER

He never heard the rhythmic fire
Of odes and idyls that inspire
From Tennyson's immortal lyre.

He never trod the heathered hight
With Burns, nor caught his fancies bright,
Nor shared the "Cotter's Saturday Night."

And Walter Scott ne'er charmed him so
With "Kenilworth" and "Ivanhoe,"
That he forgot to plough and sow.

Mark Twain ne'er moved him to a laugh,
Nor Dudley Warner bade him quaff
His humor-pathos, half and half.

America's great authors all
Appeared upon this earthly ball
Too late to answer to his call.

He never knew the struggle great
As presidential candidate
Ascends to his imperial state!

In fact as we his life recall.
So destitute as to appall,
We wonder that he lived at all!

And yet, the vital things he saw,
The majesty of moral law
Ordained of God without a flaw;

The law of man, that subtle force
That binds the cultured and the coarse,
As sacred as its heavenly source;

These he essential did esteem,
And sought to realize his dream
Of law enthroned and made supreme.

The depths of human love he knew,
The passion pure and sweet and true,
That yields its object homage due.

As lover he was all aflame,
As husband, faithful to his dame,
As father, worthy of the name.

And in his soul a faith sublime
Reached far beyond the bounds of time
And dared the throne eternal climb.

"The man with the hoe," but not "a clod,"
His face he lifted from the sod,
A lover and a child of God!

He worshiped as he trod the strand
Or turned the furrows of his land
Or sowed the seed with liberal hand.

The daisies still with dewdrops wet,
The lilies 'mid the grasses set,
The roses in the wildwood met;

The iris by the river's brink,
The flute-notes of the bobolink,
The shaded brooklet's pensive clink;

The daybreak rose, the sunset gold,
The spheres along the midnight rolled,
Of an almighty Sovereign told.

Of Him he ever stood in awe;
His radiant righteousness he saw
And feared the thunders of His law.

And, far above this earthly sod,
Yet brightening all the paths he trod,
Behold, the kingdom of His God!

Upon these shores he saw it rise,
Decked with the glory of the skies,
And voiced with notes of Paradise.

Perhaps it was presumptuous sin
To think that he might enter in
To that which the elect should win.

And yet he prayed and struggled on,
The flesh denied, and hoped anon
That he celestial robes might don.

Meanwhile the humble pioneer
The firm foundations settled here
On which we've rested many a year.

Ever to his convictions true,
He builded better than he knew
The while the busy decades flew.

And then he passed, his labor done,
And at the setting of the sun
Found God's eternal day begun!

A PURITAN WEDDING

Davenport—Bishop, Sept. 6, 1722

Where now stands a noble mansion,
Crowned with stately, windowed tower,
I upon a humble cabin
Labored many a weary hour.

And when it was wholly finished,
And the latchstring hanging out,
And, beneath, the valleys blooming
And the hills all green about;

In the colony there was not,
Wheresoever one might roam,
By the sea or in the inland,
Any cosier, prettier home.

But, as yet, the house was empty,
Which of course no house should be,
And a maiden down in Stamford
Had engaged to marry me.

So I thought that as the fullness
Of the times had surely come,
And the nest was waiting for her,
I would bring my Sarah home.

Paradise just lent its beauty
To the day that made us one,
Verdant earth and placid waters
Smiled beneath the cloudless sun.

Shall I tell you, curious ladies,
How my bonny bride was dressed?
Pearly robe of silk enwrapped her,
And a kerchief crossed her breast;

And she wore a snowy apron,
Lawn her needle had enriched
With a choice and flowery pattern
All about its border stitched.

And I wore a garb of homespun,
Fruit of precious mother's toil;
Dearer far to me than velvet
Bought for gold on foreign soil.

All the youths and maidens gathered,
With their gifts and with their glee;
And each man among them told me
That he deeply envied me!

Solemn were the words and tender
That my father spoke that day,
As our hands were joined together
And our lives were linked for aye.

Then when eastward fell the shadow
Of the maple on the moor,
Friends we bade farewell, and started
On our homeward bridal tour.

'Twas a stalwart steed that bore us,
Light to him the double load;
Soon the village fled behind us,
And right on, right up we rode.

It was in the sweet September,
Autumn's banners just unfurled;
Harvest odors breathed around us,
Peace was over all the world.

Birds from out the forest fluttered,
Sang their nuptial song and fled;
And the goldenrod and aster
All our path with beauty spread.

'Twas a dream most sweet and holy,
'Twas a poem rich and rare,
'Twas an hour of Eden rapture,
Only we and God were there!

She had heard from early childhood
Cruel tales of Indian greed,
And whene'er the forest deepened
She would bid me haste our speed.

And I felt the arms that wreathed me,
Press me with a firmer hold;
While the fluttering heart against me
Of her anxious spirit told.

And without a thought of peril,
Mourned I that along our way,
More of elm and birch and hemlock
Had not been allowed to stay.

On we came, the hills surmounting,
Till at just the set of sun,
At our cottage we alighted
And our bridal tour was done.

And the west, with radiance sheeted,
Touched our humble roof to gold;
And the glory crossed the threshold
And through all the cottage rolled.

And I said, with head uncovered,
While we knelt upon the sward,
"It's the blessing come before us;
It's the welcome of the Lord!

This is Canaan, land of promise,
Land of honey, milk and wine!
Heaven's smile here rests upon us
And shall rest on thine and mine."

And when heavenly constellations
 Beamed along the heavenly dome,
There was light within our dwelling,
 Fire-light, love-light, light of home.

THE ORDINATION BALL

At Wolcott, in 1811

Are you filled with consternation
At the curious combination
Of a ball with ordination,
Of an Ordination Ball?

But why is it amazing?
Don't you know the Lord's own praising,
To use the Scripture phrasing,
Is "with timbrel and with dance?"

You surely must recall
Miriam's bit of sacred ball
With her dancing maidens all,
On the Red Sea's sandy shore.

And how on one occasion
David needed no persuasion,
But disdaining all evasion,
Bravely danced before the Lord.

And how on his returning
From a slaughter and a burning,
All the women there sojourning
Danced attendance on the chief.

And how the prodigal repenting
Found his father's house relenting
And the household joy fermenting
In the music and the dance.

In profane and sacred story,
After conflict crowned with glory,
Both the youthful and the hoary
Into the dance have swung.

And why when candidating
Has been followed by a mating,
With all the people stating,
 "We've found the man at last;

In him the Lord has spoken,
He's heaven's special token,
The mould is surely broken,
 None like him will appear;"

Why then should not pure gladness
Quickly scatter gloom and sadness,
And, avoiding moral madness,
 The parish leap for joy?

Thus our dear saints were thinking,
And so with naught of blinking,
Or cowardice or shrinking,
 They planned the festive hour.

An excellent committee
Of piety and pity,
Of serious and of witty,
 Arranged the whole affair.

Thus ran the invitation:
"After the ordination,
Those prone to contemplation
 Of the supreme event,

And proper celebration
Of this gracious dispensation
In its manifold relation
 To Zion's welfare here;

Will meet at candle-lighting
For a little social biting
And a dance not uninviting,
 At Pitman Stowe's hotel."

The summons widely scattered
Its glad recipients flattered,
And objections all were shattered
By the language it contained.

All the ministers there staying
Who had come to do the praying,
Were asked to share the playing
Of the glad and grateful flock.

And the most of them consented
And remained there quite contented
And their satisfaction vented
At the happy plan proposed.

But the brother just ordained
Emphatically refrained
And quietly remained
With his newly wedded spouse.

Some thought it his mistake
The harmony to break,
And such a chance forsake
To know his chosen charge.

But he was conscientious
And inclined to be contentious,
And some thought quite pretentious
For a stranger to the place.

He said he looked on dancing
As a sort of pagan prancing,
Well fitted for romancing,
But not for growth in grace.

He preferred a celebration
Of his inauguration
To the holiest vocation
Of quite another sort.

However, many a year had flown
Since such occasion they had known;
A ball was "needed to give tone"
To the ordination day.

And from the valley and the hill,
Was one expression uttered still,
"We'll have the dance for good or ill,
The ordination ball."

JONATHAN AND HANNAH SCOTT

Watertown, June 3, 1908

Gather we beside the dead,
Rear the granite o'er their head,
Twine our wreaths and strew our flowers,
With their story gild the hours,
Crown each homely, worthy name
With the benison of fame,
Give the honor richly due
To their heroism true.
Sweetly sleep they here below
While the decades come and go,
Whether on their couch repose
Driven snow or blushing rose,
Whether summer zephyr sigh
Or the wintry storm sweep by.
Not again will fear or dread
Throw its shadow o'er their bed;
Never more will savage yell
Pierce the silence where they dwell,
Nor the burst of midnight flame
Deeds of violence proclaim.
While the centuries roll, they rest,
Peace the mantle of their breast;
And upon their honored head
Reverence shall its homage shed
And affection bless the dead.

Since the worthy pioneer
Found a lowly refuge here,
What a change the world has known,
How has human knowledge grown!
Nature treasures vast revealed
That for ages were concealed;
Art attempted with success
Schemes whose aim these ne'er could guess;
Science mastered, as of course,

Many a gleaming, potent force;
Visions rare have been made clear,
Strains unheard addressed the ear.
If these sleepers could to-day
Issue from their house of clay,
And amid the living stand
Gazing on this sunny land,
Clad in robes that once they wore,
Seeming as they seemed of yore;
From the eighteenth century stepped,
All its ways peculiar kept;
Strange the appearance to our eyes,
Overwhelming their surprise.

Let us think of these our friends
As from ashes each ascends,
Summoned this memorial day
An important part to play.
Jonathan, in quaint attire
Patterned from his Pilgrim sire;
Waistcoat wrought of homespun gross,
Fashioned long and buttoned close;
Nether garments to the knee
Tied with ribbons gracefully;
Woolen hose by firelight knit,
Buckled shoes that scarcely fit;
Collar square and falling down
O'er the shoulders of his gown;
Hat a sugarloaf in black;
Straggling locks adown the back;
Face that fiercest storms have swept,
Which has yet its sunshine kept;
Towering form of martial size;
Courage in his deep-set eyes;
Bearing as becomes a man
Fashioned on such noble plan;
View him thus, as if he stood
In our active brotherhood,
Jonathan, the brave, the good.

And beside him, Hannah Scott,
Who has shared his earthly lot,
Shows the furrows on her brow
Turned by trouble's cruel plough;
And upon her faded cheek
Lines that of her weeping speak.
Yet through all most clearly shine
Proofs of peace and patience fine.
She, like Hannah famed of old,
Shows devotion's purest gold
And a force of faith untold.
Note the garb that wraps her form,
Linsey-woolsey, soft and warm;
Snowy kerchief to the waist
With its foldings interlaced;
And upon her head a hood,
Homespun linen, firm and good.
Should the "Merry Widow" hat
Smile contemptuously at that,
And its flaunting feathers sneer
At such prim and modest gear;
Let it know that 'mid her ills
Hannah left intrusive quills
To the hostile Indian chief
Who so rudely planned her grief.
Thus they stand before us here;
Quaint and curious they appear,
Relics of the centuries gone
In the twentieth century's dawn.
And we hail them with our praise,
For, amid the earlier days
They were of the valiant host
Standing firmly at their post,
Who this goodly land prepared
For the life they never shared,
For the scenes that us engage
In this wondrous later age.

Jonathan and Hannah Scott,
You shall never be forgot
While these wide-spread meadows glow
With the daisies or the snow;
While the river hastes to hide
In the salt sea's silvery tide;
While the hills keep watch and ward
O'er the names we here record;
While your sons and daughters dwell
In the land you loved so well,
And amid life's rush and roar
Show the character you bore.
For your blended strength and grace
Surely have impressed your race;
And their generations show
Virtues that to you they owe.

EASTER

O chiming bells, ring on, ring on,
O'er all the land your rapture fling,
Ye celebrate the Victory
Of Christ, the King.

Break into flower, O lily buds,
Your choicest incense scatter far,
With matchless sweetness greet our Christ,
The Morning Star.

Thrust from the earth your fairy bloom,
O dainty crocus, frail and sweet,
And all your beauty spread before
The Conqueror's feet.

Let all your wilderness of tubes,
O organ, gush with noblest strains,
In praise of Him, the Crucified,
Who lives and reigns.

On far off shores, O restless sea,
On coral reef, or marble strand,
Rehearse in thunder tones to-day
The story grand.

Wake human hearts, your fears dispel,
Be all your sorrows chased away,
Rejoice, exult in Christ your Lord,
This glorious day.

Dear saints who've left our flinty ways
And found amid immortal bowers
The Christ we love, we envy you,
These Easter hours.

O give to Him to-day the love
Our each adoring spirit sends,
And lilies and forget-me-nots,
"From earthly friends."

THE WELCOME

To the new pastor

We gladly greet thy coming,
O servant of the Lord,
And yield thee warmest welcome
With one accord.

Thou comest while the springtime
Is bringing golden hours,
Enwreathing earth with sunshine
And with flowers.

And thee we hail as sent us,
A gift of love divine,
Who blossoms plucked from heaven
For us wilt twine.

Come to us in the spirit
Of Him whom we adore,
And He and we will bless thee
Forevermore.

Welcome, thrice welcome, brother,
Our pastor, helper, friend,
Amid life's ceaseless struggle
Thine aid to lend.

HOME AGAIN

Grand are the mountains
 Towering in their beauty;
Grander still are home
 And fellowship and duty.

Musical the billows
 O'er the pebbles dashing;
Sweeter far the organ,
 Whispering, chiming, crashing.

Fair are the landscapes,
 Distant views and near ones!
Fairer much the faces
 Of our faithful dear ones.

Nature ever charms us
 With its wood and river;
But the temple shows us
 God, the glorious giver.

Weeks of rest are grateful,
 But we're ever yearning
For the day that brings us
 To the glad returning.

THE FUTURE

We wonder what the future holds
For thee and me;
Its shade or sun, its bloom or blast,
We may not see.

Yet, in the future stands our God,
The surest friend,
To whose benignant sovereignty
All forces bend.

And so the future for us holds
A blessing true;
Whether enwrapped in calm or storm,
In dust or dew.

In it may wait the sweetest flower
Or sharpest rod;
Yet all its weeks and days and hours
Are full of God.

THE NEW STAR, 1907

A new star breaks upon our western world,
Its full-orbed beauty challenging our praise,
Blending its light with that of gems that shine
Through centuries with calm, unclouded rays.

Stars of the north and south and ancient east
Flash it a welcome with their radiance pure,
Bidding it gleam with ever richer tints
While the great constellation shall endure.

How splendid grows the coronet she wears,
Our nation, throned betwixt the silver seas!
How rich her robes, the crimson and the snow,
With all the starry light engilding these!

SONNETS

WASHINGTON

Amid the early, troublous days he towers,
The man of character and worth sublime,
Perchance the most illustrious of time,
The marvel whom we proudly claim as ours.
Like an abutment stands he, huge and square,
From which the span of liberty should spring,
The great republic's lofty arches swing,
The destiny of countless hosts to bear.
O Washington, across the shining years
Made glorious by thy regal manhood's might,
We humbly hail thee father of our land.
First in the great succession of our peers,
Our sovereign of thine own unquestioned right,
Primal American, serene and grand.

LINCOLN

From lowly cabin to the halls of state,
From humble toil a kingly task to share,
A nation's deadly griefs and fears to bear
And rescue freedom from its threatened fate;
Thus was he called, the soul inviolate,
Trained in the cruel school of want and care
But eager from his youth to do, to dare,
The heroes of mankind to imitate.
O chieftain, sent to break the captive's chains,
From tarnished flag to wipe the stain away
And make the great republic free indeed;
Though decades fly, our love for thee remains,
Increasing as, each anniversary day,
With eyes bedewed the high romance we read.

WHITTIER

He walked before us in the simple guise
Of manly purity and modest worth,
Proud of New England and his lowly birth,
His soul as kind and generous as wise.
Compassion flamed within his deep-set eyes,
His pity wept o'er all the sad of earth,
The sighs and groans of men he changed to mirth,
He bade the slave be free, the fallen rise.
The air is sweeter for his rippling songs,
The world is richer for his wealth of love,
His childlike faith has brought the Father
near.
Eternal goodness righting human wrongs,
By him revealed upon the throne above,
From countless lives has banished doubt and
fear.

CYRUS W. FIELD

Gently and sadly lay him down to rest
Within the circlet of the glorious hills
Whose wooded slopes and clear and tuneful
rills
To him were always loveliest and best.
Flowers be his pillow, and upon his breast
Drop fadeless palms. Let wild birds chant
their trills
Above his couch, while dreamy sunlight fills
The beauteous scene by holiest memories blessed.
Here sleeps the man whose name the world reveres,
The genius who with thrilling nerves of steel
Has firmly linked and wedded shore to shore;
The patient vanquisher of foes and fears,
Who space compelled to own itself unreal,
And made mankind a unit evermore.

FANNY J. CROSBY

O for a touch, beloved, of the power
That ever shapes thy notes to music rare,
That I might fittingly the joy declare
With which I hail again thy natal hour!
Thy life unfolds like some symmetric flower,
Calling the world new loveliness to share,
With added radiance tinting all the air,
And yielding human hearts increasing dower.
Accept the gratulations of a friend
Who holds thy friendship as a jewel fine
Untarnished by the touch of time and tears.
Long mayst thou linger, sweetest truths to blend
In measures swelling to the throne divine,
Thus gladdening for us all the hurrying years.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

O man of sturdy frame and sturdier soul,
Piercing as with an eagle's pure-eyed gaze
The thoughts of God; interpreting His ways
To human comprehension, till the whole
Seemed radiant as the stars that wreathe the pole;
Proclaiming truths that gild the gloomiest days
And guide through earth's entangling, wildering
maze
To human life's supreme and blissful goal;
Not for thy giant intellect alone
Wilt thou be honored through the coming time,
But for thy heart of sweetest, tenderest grace.
The woes of others thou didst count thine own,
And with thy love beget a hope sublime
In countless stricken spirits of our race.

THEODORE I. DRIGGS

He lived among us in the winning guise
Of manhood pure and genial, strong and sweet,
Treading the worthy path with eager feet,
The glow of kindness in his deep-set eyes;
Determination, calm and cool and wise
Finding on lip and brow expression meet,
His soul with pulsing harmonies abeat,
His course accordant with the rhythmic skies.
The city yields him gratitude and praise,
He served it well in many a place of trust,
The impress of his hand 'twill ever bear.
A shadow falls along its crowded ways
As sinks his noble, honored head to dust;
Tears for the dead! For stricken hearts
a prayer!

MRS. MARY L. MITCHELL

Another year its light and shade has thrown
Along the pathway thou, dear friend, hast trod,
And in the gloom and in the brightness, God
To thee has tender care and favor shown;
And daily thou to us hast dearer grown,
Thine autumn, as with radiant goldenrod
And purple asters that enrich the sod,
So much of rarest loveliness has known.
We hail the happy day that gave thee birth,
And greet thee lovingly, and bid thee stay
For many a year to bless us with thy love.
All benedictions crowd thy life on earth,
Till those who from thine arms have flown away
Shall call thee to the sweeter life above.

GOV. R. S. WOODRUFF

A picture came to me the other day,
The picture of a loved and honored friend
Whose kindly thought and warm affection blend
To bless me while the decades roll away.
I gaze upon the manly face and note
The rounded cheek, the forehead broad and
high,
The genial lips, the clear, straight-forward eye,
In which the soul's high purpose seems afloat.
And I esteem the picture as a prize
That I have won, I know not when nor how,
But which I'll treasure while my powers
endure.
And to me it will ever say, "How wise
The business man who keeps the Christian's
vow,
The patriot whose hands are ever pure."

MRS. MARY E. FOSTER

Clifton Springs Sanitarium

The years press on and like a silvery tide
Are swiftly bearing us to scenes unknown,
To realms illumined by the radiant throne
From which He rules who lived and loved and died.
Another year, dear lady, far and wide
The influence of thy gracious soul has flown,
And many a spirit thou hast made thine own
Through gifts of truth and kindness that abide.
Accept congratulations that a life
So rich in benefaction has been thine
And still is thine wherewith to bless the world.
Long may it linger, void of pain and strife,
In more than worth ancestral beam and shine
Till o'er thee all heaven's glories are unfurled.

MRS. F. J. KINGSBURY

How sweet to pass from life to happier life,
From earth's bright dream to heaven's substantial joy
Without a pang the spirit to annoy,
Without a moment's agony or strife;
How sweet to leave a memory so fine,
Inwrought with all that's beautiful and dear,
Echoing forever words that lift and cheer,
Lustrous with graces that will ever shine.
Thou hast not said "good bye," there was no need,
The bond of fellowship unbroken still
Unites the happy past with future bliss.
The morning broke, the promise of thy creed,
"Life everlasting" grandly to fulfill,
Exchanging heaven's all-glorious home for
this!

CLARENCE

Greetings to thee, my boy, this lovely morn!
The skies are sapphire and the trees are gold,
The hills and meadows show a grace untold,
And yet my heart is mournful and forlorn.
So long it is since thou, our dear first-born,
Fair with thy mother's eyes and dainty mould,
Yet in thy vigor manly, firm and bold,
With us laughed earthly toil and care to scorn.
Be certain, darling, that our love remains
Through all the busy, separating years,
In which thy merry voice has silent been.
We claim thee still, and memory retains
Thy sprightly image, and our spirit hears
The accents that would ever charm and win.

DR. JOSEPH ANDERSON, 1903

And so another year has wreathed thy brow,
Brother beloved, with its flower and thorn;
Paving thy way with glow of lustrous morn
Or bidding thee among the shadows bow.
Seems far the coast whence first thine untried
prow
Essayed the sea where tempests fierce are born?
Life's sea, where oft sweet rainbow tints adorn
The waves the jewel-dropping skies endow?
But think of countless storms forever past;
Of darkness that will not again enshroud,
Of surges that will never toss thee more;
And look beyond! The splendor deepens fast,
The horizon lifts its arch without a cloud,
The Master waits thee on the farther shore.

THE SAME, 1906

December's gloomy features frown again
Upon the earth adream of sunnier days,
And winter with its marbles paves our ways
And fills with Parian statues vale and glen.
But, 'mid the chill and gloom there's brightness
when
The heart fraternal eager tribute pays
To one that's long received its love and praise,
Still strong and active in the world of men.
Can it be true, my friend, that seventy years
Have heaped their blessing on thine honored
head,
Twining for thee the sunlight and the shade?
Once that was "age," yet now it but appears
As rich and crowning favor on thee shed,
Heaven's special privilege to thee conveyed.

AN ACROSTIC

Joy waits for thee to-day, beloved friend!
On every side the earth in festal white
Seems with the azure heavens to unite
Exultant greetings, while glad spirits blend
Persistent gratulations that extend
Heartfelt, affectionate good wishes, bright
And warm and true and eager, as of right,
Nor lacking prayer that God His blessing send.
Dear art thou to a circle large and fine,
Endeared more fully as time glides along,
Ripening thy powers toward manhood's highest
goal.
Still love and lead us; teach us how to shine
On every hight of duty, till heaven's song
Near rendered, flood with bliss thy crowned soul.

REV. EDWIN P. PARKER, D. D.

O man of God, the swiftly gliding years
Have richly opened to thy raptured gaze
The golden meaning of His works and ways,
And shown heaven's remedy for human fears.
What privilege to dry the mourner's tears,
To guide from sin's bewildering, cruel maze,
The downcast face, the fallen soul to raise,
And point where everlasting hope appears.
We thank thee for the work so nobly done,
An inspiration to thy brethren all,
Bidding us faithfully to follow on.
The love and praise of thousands thou hast won;
And when for thee the Master late shall call,
The radiant robes of victory thou shalt don.

REV. E. G. BECKWITH, D. D.

March 3, 1909.

O watcher by Pacific's sunny strand,
Sweeping the horizon with expectant eye
If thou the shadowy argosy shouldst spy
Sent forth to bring thee to the heavenly land;
At last thy waiting ends, for, swift and grand,
The bark celestial plows the waters nigh,
And while thy loved ones wave their sad "good
bye,"
Thou sailest forth at the divine command.
A thousand grateful spirits follow thee
With kindly thought for all that thou hast done,
With grief that they no more shall greet thee
here;
Assured that in God's blest eternity
A glorious post of honor thou hast won,
O faithful pastor, heaven-illumined seer.

GOV. GEORGE L. LILLEY

Amid a wealth of bloom he calmly sleeps,
The peace of God upon his marble brow,
No shaft of enmity assailing now,
As by his bier a stricken people weeps.
Beside him dirge pathetic swells and sweeps,
And men of lofty station humbly bow
And all his manly might and charm avow,
While Honor there its watch majestic keeps.
From lowly to exalted state he rose,
Climbing the steep by force of manly will
And brave, untiring energy alone.
Through strenuous life he early found repose.
His rare career aspiring youth will thrill,
Connecticut will proudly boast her own.

HENRY L. WADE

He walked among us in a modest guise,
Claiming no honor, seeking for no power,
Content to meet the duty of the hour
Nor struggle make for any earthly prize.
Yet was he strong, far-seeing, keen and wise,
Of energy and enterprise the flower,
In time of storm and doubt a granite tower,
Mighty to plan, accomplish and advise.
Great hearted was he, sympathy and love
His life adorning with their wondrous charm,
And none that needed aid were turned away.
A gentleness like that which reigns above
All rancor or indifference would disarm
And win him friendship that should last for
aye.

THOMAS EDWARD MURPHY

Good by, beloved! Countless hearts repeat
The tearful word, and with it breathe the prayer
That God may hold thee in His tender care
And into pleasant paths may guide thy feet;
That round thee all things bright and pure and
sweet
May bud and blossom, while the air
With love's own blessed sunshine warm and
fair
Shall fold thy life in radiance complete.
In hours of darkness we shall oft recall
The faith and hope that saw the heavens aglow
And through thine eyes behold a clearer day.
Thrust by the ruthless tempter to the wall,
The weapons thou hast furnished we shall show
And pass unscathed along the upward way.

REV. A. MOSS MERWIN

O genial friend, O brother wise and true,
Man of the sunny face and sunnier heart,
A multitude it deeply grieves to part
With one so winning and so dear as you.
Your sweet companionship was as the dew
To thirsty flowers; your life the lustrous chart
That showed the shining way from lowly start
To its completion in the heavenly blue.
We think of you amid celestial souls
Pointing them ever to some loftier height
And calling to some undiscovered joy;
And thus, while time unmeasured softly rolls,
With good accomplished marking all its flight,
Conferring blessedness without alloy.

REV. H. DEWITT WILLIAMS

Beloved brother, on thy pulseless breast
Affection's rarest offering we lay,
Such buds as open toward the cloudless day,
Such laurels as befit the victor blest.
We hail thee truest, kindest, worthiest, best;
And as the saddened years shall roll away,
With us thy precious memory will stay,
Calling to faithful toil, to heavenly rest.
Thou wast an Israelite devoid of guile,
Thy faithfulness to duty knew no bound,
O tireless laborer for man and God.
How we shall miss thy genial word and smile,
Thy simple utterance of truth profound;
Heaven help us meekly bear the heavy rod.

THE SENIOR TO THE JUNIOR

Why hast thou fallen asleep, O brother dear,
Long ere the noontide has to twilight grown,
Or thou the weariness of age hast known,
When life and love and duty claimed thee here?
Why couldst thou not have tarried many a year,
To note the harvest thou thyself hast sown,
And gather richest fruitage all thine own,
And labor till the evening star appear?
I never dreamed that thou wouldst first ascend
The hills of God and meet our dear ones there,
And raptured gaze upon the Master's face.
'Twas mine, I thought, the heavenward way to
wend,
And welcome thee at length, the bliss to share,
And show thee all the splendors of the place.

CONTINUED

Freely we talked of many, many things,
The ways of man with God, of God with man,
Discussed the marvels of the eternal plan
Through which the Lord our race to glory brings;
Spoke often of the light that ceaseless springs
Where saints redeemed God's mysteries may
scan,
And love's pure flame to fuller radiance fan,
While angel choir the hallelujah sings.
I was the senior then, but thou art now,
For in thy knowledge thou dost far exceed
Thy lonely brother left upon the earth.
The seal of God is on thy saintly brow,
And with the vision glorious thou indeed
Dost know salvation's boundless, priceless
worth.

HE AND I

"He must increase," the man of brain and brawn
On whom still rests the balmy dew of youth,
The stalwart champion of right and truth,
His eyes yet radiant with the growing dawn.
"I must decrease," the midday fervor gone,
The slanting sunbeams lengthening fast for-
sooth,
Life's glow and glamour chastened into ruth,
Ambition's stimulating cup withdrawn.
Hope lays her verdant wreath upon his brow,
Entwined with lustrous laurels bravely won;
Mine memory crowns with sweet but fading
flowers;
Yet, both before the Sovereign meekly bow,
And at the dawn or at the set of sun
Accept what Love appoints for us and ours.

REV. RICHARD W. MICO

Thou wilt be sorely missed, O man of God,
From all the city that has loved thee well;
From blighted homes where pain and sorrow
dwell
And spirits faint beneath the chastening rod;
From flinty paths by want and misery trod,
From death's dark vale where thou didst
sweetly tell
The hopes that from the lips of Jesus fell
To cheer the mortal sinking to the sod.
And from the sacred courts where thou hast
wrought
So faithfully through all the busy years
And won so many to the blessed Christ
And all the gladness of His service taught,
There thou'lt be missed and mourned, and
many tears
Will seal the memory of thy work unpriced.

FREDERICK J. KINGSBURY, LL.D.

O man of noble gifts and culture rare,
Of spirit genial as the sunny May,
We miss and mourn thee as we meet to-day
And fail thy gracious fellowship to share.
How can we evermore thy wisdom spare,
Thy words illumined, whether grave or gay,
Thy counsels never leading us astray,
Thy vision high and broad beyond compare?
Yet, thou life's trial and burden long hast borne,
Hast served with faithfulness this wondrous age,
Hast ripened 'neath these storm-swept skies
of earth.
For thee we're glad that thou hast ceased to mourn
Hast onward passed to life's exalted stage,
And 'mid God's crowned ones hast found thy
birth.

CONTINUED

Remembering thee we heavenward gaze to-day
And wave our tender, tearful, sad adieu,
And through faith's crystal lenses thee we view
In toil congenial now absorbed for aye.
The fields of thought spread forth in bright array,
Unbounded realms above our clouded blue,
Untrodden vistas of the good and true.
How these must tempt thy glowing soul to stay.
And yet we think of thee as most of all
Exultant in that thou hast found once more
The loved ones who anticipated thee;
Who flew to meet thee at thy yearning call,
And bade thee welcome to the shining shore
That lies beyond death's sullen, mist-veiled
sea.

GEORGE N. ELLS

Through tear-moist eyes I gaze upon the flowers
So sweet and beautiful, and think of him,

Your loved and lost one, who beyond the rim
Of mortal life has found immortal bowers;

And much I wonder if these sacred hours

That mark his birthday, to their golden brim

Are filled with special joys that never dim,

And wreathed with rapture by celestial Powers.

I thank you, friends, and deem it honor great

Thus to be linked in thought with him you
loved,

Who with us lately trod these earthly ways.
May sweetness from beyond the pearly gate

To-day a message bring you from above,

Waking your gratitude and love and praise.

REV. M. S. DUDLEY

Nantucket

O friend and brother of the former days

When life with us was in its crimson dawn,

Nor aught of all its bloom and freshness gone,

But every moment winged with joy and praise;

'Tis sweet for me again to find our ways

For these brief, golden hours together drawn,

While, as when thrilled with lusty brain and
brawn,

In company we thread life's wondrous maze.

I shall remember from the press of toil,

The beauteous island where thy lot is cast,

The all-embracing, sapphire, glorious sea,

The ancient homes, the mill, the sanded soil,

The quaint associations of the past,

And, most of all, I shall remember thee.

MR. AND MRS. J. H. BAIRD

So fifty happy years have flitted past
Since that bright winter day when you were wed
And o'er your nuptial bliss kind heaven shed
The benediction that should life outlast!
And now that evening shadows gather fast
And golden starlight shimmers on your head,
And anxious care and toil are backward fled,
And God's rich robe of peace is o'er you cast;
We gratulate you out of hearts sincere
That love's sweet bond withstands the flight of
time
And all the stress and strain of mortal woe.
Long may your gracious presence charm us here,
And then at last within a sunnier clime
Be yours the rapture the immortals know!

AMZI BENEDICT DAVENPORT

So he has gone, the man of soul sincere,
Of vision broad, of spirit keen, intense,
Whose calm research and fine historic sense
Brought distant scenes and generations near!
The man whose royal nature made him dear,
Whose love attracted love, whose faith immense
Embraced a nobler future, and from thence
Drew boundless hope, and cloudless, changeless
cheer!
So he has gone! Beneath autumnal skies
He sleeps the holy slumber of the blest,
While royal purple blossoms drape his tomb;
And yet he wakes, and views with raptured eyes
And greets with bliss the great and good who
rest
Beyond earth's weariness and pain and gloom.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

As supposed to be offered by a Boston child!

The time has come when, like a sinking star,
That lingers for a moment on the horizon's
brim

As if its glowing lamp to feed and trim,
And then is lost in darkness deep and far;
So I must sink to rest. O do Thou bar
My trustful spirit from each specter grim,
Thou mighty Power whose praise the heavens
hymn,

Nor suffer aught my peaceful rest to mar.
If in the night the parting hour arrive
When I to earth must give the last farewell,
Receive the spark divine that in me glows;
That, thought and intuition still alive,
I consciously with Thee in light may dwell,
And know as Thy transcendent reason knows!

THE JOURNEY TO FLORIDA

"So long Thy power hath blessed me, surely still
Will lead me on," I murmured o'er and o'er
As through the night, adown Atlantic's shore
The sturdy engine whirled us at its will.

Swiftly behind us flitted vale and hill,
And miles and leagues increasing more and more
Thrust farther from me cherished scenes of yore
And friends whose love my heart must ever thrill.
And then, at length, appeared a land most fair,
A realm of sunshine and of wondrous bloom
Amid whose loveliness I stood amazed.
And 'mid the song and tint and fragrance rare,
Chasing away all lingering trace of gloom,
On faces loved of old I fondly gazed.

OUR FLAG

O banner streaming in the sun-lit air,
With tear-dimmed eyes we on thy beauty gaze,
Viewing with loving wonder and amaze
Thy matchless grace as thou dost ripple there!
Thy red is eloquent of heroes rare
Who poured their blood amid the battle blaze,
The white forever speaks the worthy praise
Of patriot purity beyond compare!
Thine azure field, reflecting heaven's own hue,
Tells of the Providence that all the way
Has overarched the nation's grand career.
Thou art the shadowed soul, the symbol true
Of all we are and all for which we pray,
Of all that makes America so dear!

INDEPENDENCE DAY

We hear again the clashing bells resound
That told the story of a nation born!
What though the king-ruled world should laugh
to scorn
And judge our action with a sneer profound?
Swiftly the eager, glorious years roll round
And usher in this twentieth-century morn
Which shows the great republic not forlorn,
But for its strength and majesty renowned.
To-day we bow before our fathers' God
With praise and adoration for the way,
The wondrous way that He had led us on;
Praying His blessing on the sacred sod
Of free America, the while with bay
We wreathe our Lincoln, Grant and Washing-
ton.

STAMFORD, 1641

Down slope the forests to the pebbly shore;
The swelling hills their brilliant banners raise;
Mianus glides along its ample ways;
Noroton's waters through the valley pour;
The placid bay is swept by white wings o'er,
Or by the swift canoe that now displays
Its shadowy form amid the golden haze,
And now is gone like phantom bark of old.
O'er all the scene a silence lies profound
Save where the woodland bird uplifts its song,
Or bounds through bush and brake the
startled deer;
Or where, returned from prosperous hunting-
ground,
With accents that to passion's realm belong,
The dusky lover charms his maiden's ear.

STAMFORD, 1892

O Time, thou great magician! what a change
In all the view thy potent hand hath wrought!
What mighty forces thou hast hither brought
Transforming all within the vision's range!
No oriental dream so wild and strange
As this reality! How out of naught
The splendid picture rises, richly fraught
With mansion, temple, mart and goodly grange!
O Stamford, beauteous on thy castled heights,
Thy beauty mirrored in the glassy sea,
Rehearse in full to-day the thrilling tale
Of sires heroic struggling for their rights,
Of sons devoted, energetic, free,
Of God whose grace and guidance never fail.

MEMORIES

Sometimes amid the whirl of busy years,
When burdens press us and our spirits faint,
And of the woes of life make sore complaint,
There come to us through all our harrowing fears
Echoes of college bells that move to tears;
And then the voice of philosophic saint,
And glimpses of the beauty he would paint
Enwrapping all where holy love appears.
And somehow, as amid a blinding storm
A sunburst from a riven cloud brings peace,
And stays the tempest, making fair again;
So such remembrance with its pathos warm
Bids all heart-wearying care and murmuring
cease,
And sends us cheerful to our toil for men.

DEPARTING FRIENDS

Good-by, beloved; prosperous breezes blow
You safely o'er a gently swelling sea,
And radiant skies o'erarch you lovingly
And touch your sapphire way with golden glow.
From out the sunny lands to which you go
May fragrance wafted give you welcome sweet,
And gorgeous fields outpour before your feet
The fairest blossoms that the seasons know.
And whether ancient, vaulted fane you tread,
Or watch the heather glassed in Scottish lake
Or view the Jungfrau lift its hands in prayer,
Amid the blessings art and nature shed,
And all the splendor that will round you break,
We'll hold you still in loving thought and
care.

PROSPECT

The sun was setting and the hills around
 Stood all agleam, enwrapped in cloth of gold,
While Prospect's monument the story told
Of heroes and their sacrifice profound;
When, suddenly, the trumpet's martial sound
 In mellow notes o'er all the landscape rolled
The signal, "Taps," "Lights out," "The day
 grows old
And soon night's gloom and shadow will abound."
"Lights out." Alas, the loved and loving youth
 Who 'mid the fleeting years the call have heard,
The summons to the long and dreamless
 sleep.
For righteousness they fell and sacred truth,
And with us left their name, a priceless word,
 Which balmed in holy tears we'll ever keep.

THE ORGAN

The organ knew its master, and its keys
 Impatient waited for his loving touch,
And all its tubes exultant gushed with such
Of Music as his cultured soul should please.
It sang in strains that angels might admire;
 It lifted heavenward the holy psalm;
It soothed the ruffled spirit into calm;
It taught the earthbound mortal to aspire.
The gladness of the nuptial hour it caught;
 Telling in rapturous notes the joy of youth;
 It wailed and sobbed above our precious dead;
How it will miss the hand of him who wrought
 So charmingly in furtherance of the truth,
 Whose skill was fast to high devotion wed.

MAY-TIME

We wandered forth beneath the skies of May,
The air was soft and sweet with breath of flowers,
We trod the greensward fresh from balmy
showers,
And plucked the columbine's ethereal spray.
Charmed with the genial hours we could but stray
Amid the upland pastures, where the bowers
Their whisperings ceased not nor regarded ours
As, tremulous, they drank the perfect day.
Within this Paradise, while flitting birds
Chanted the Eden song of rapturous love,
I freely offered her my heart, my life.
And as I breathless waited for her words,
She plucked an oaken wreath that hung above
And crowned me victor in the fateful strife.

EASTER

Unstop, fair lily, all thy sweets to-day,
Display thy gold, O affluent daffodil,
With fragrance every forest nooklet fill,
Arbutus, lovely harbinger of May.
Outspread, O crocus bloom, thy starlike ray,
O violet, hiding underneath the hill,
With beauty's vision rare the sunshine thrill
And gem the sward where springtime takes its
way,
New light is breaking over earth and sky,
The risen Christ with glory floods the world
And wakes to rapture every living thing;
He triumphs over death, no more to die,
And bids life's glorious banners be unfurled,
While ransomed man and nature hail Him
King!

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving comes again; the teeming year
Has laid its priceless treasures at our feet,
Its sun and shade, its rain and dewdrops sweet
Wrought into flowers that charm and fruits that
cheer;
While home and church and friends we hold so
dear,
And liberty with privilege replete
The benedictions of the past repeat
And crown our life with happiness sincere.
Thanksgiving comes again; prepare the feast,
And bid the wandering children gather home,
And care for those for whom no welcome
waits;
And let us all, the greatest and the least,
Lift grateful praises to the heavenly dome
As, jubilant, we throng the sacred gates.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Waterbury, 1903

Church of the living God, who all the way
Hast walked with Him amid the hurrying years,
Through shade and sun, through smiles and
bitter tears,
Until the century is complete to-day;
We gratulate thee, and sincerely pray
That while the favored past thy spirit cheers,
The future, as its deepening dawn appears,
On thee may ever richer blessing lay.
How many a wanderer thou hast guided home!
How many a breaking heart hast bound with
love!
How many a weary captive hast set free!
Still lead thou on, till 'neath the starry dome
A countless throng shall praise the Lord above,
Tracing their blessedness to Him and thee.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Naugatuck, 1906

A century and a quarter's work of love,
O Church of God, stands back of thee to-night,
The story penned in characters of light
And read with joy and praise in courts above.
O years o'erbrooded by the heavenly Dove!
O decades with devotion wondrous bright!
O hosts that through the great Redeemer's
 might
Have struggled upward toward *eternal* love!
We gratulate thee on the triumphs won,
On all the virtue that has from thee gone
 To bless, uplift, and crown with endless weal!
May the good work so gloriously begun,
Continue till the blest millennial dawn
 Upon thy faithful service set its seal.

THE WATERTOWN MONUMENT

The flowers with which we deck the lowly bed
Where heroes sleep the shining years away,
Fade in the sunlight of the growing day
And crown with withered bloom the honored dead.
But here, enduring bronze with granite wed,
Alike at rosy dawn and twilight gray,
'Mid winter's gloom and summer's genial ray,
Will benedictions o'er the soldier shed.
And here, as at a sacred shrine, we'll learn
The beauty and the glory of a soul
That offers self that native land may live.
And patriotism here will glow and burn,
Inspiring, as the lustrous ages roll,
For country's weal, our best, our all, to give.

THE CLASS OF 1869, WILLIAMS

Here's to the Class, the Class of '69,
Sturdy, though small, with grip and grit and
grace,
Its members pressing on to worthy place
And striding upward with a purpose fine!
How very proud was I to call it mine
In the far days, when meeting face to face
We plucked the flowering of the Roman race,
Or gazed perplexed at angle and at sine!
Now I rejoice in all your victories gained
In politics, in business and in love,
In all that makes you broader, nobler men.
My choice regard for you has never waned,
Nor will until we meet in halls above
And study truths surpassing mortal ken.

1906

When fades the summer of this passing year
And down the slopes the purple asters bloom,
And tassels of the golden-rod shall loom
Along the vales, the deepening shade to cheer;
A quarter of a century, O Church most dear,
Will be complete since thou and I made room
Each in the other's heart, through joy or gloom
To live and labor on together here.
What blessed hours we have together spent!
What sweet and holy fellowship have known!
What charming visions of the living Christ!
How many a loved one up the bright ascent
Has passed from view, leaving us sad and lone
Yet bound by deathless ties to hopes un-
priced!

THE SOLDIER BOY

Firmly he grasped the cup of mortal life;
Its rim was garlanded with blossoms rare,
Its sparkling contents perfumed all the air,
It seemed with joy and inspiration rife.
From it he quaffed, then turned to face the strife,
Earth's heaviest burdens coveting to bear,
Eager the highs most difficult to dare,
The while he praised the thrilling cup of life!
Sweet, priceless drops it yielded to his lips;
Success in study, prominence in toil,
Warmest esteem and love of countless scores;
Into great nature's mysteries he dips,
And then, a soldier on an alien soil,
On freedom's altar life's bright cup outpours.

THE CLASS OF '63

WILLIAMS

There is a Class of classes all the best,
So we affirm who fondly call it ours,
As back we glance to those illustrious towers
Where each was Alma Mater's honored guest;
Where in the heat and glow of youthful zest
We sought to curb and train incipient powers,
And deck ourselves with learning's sweetest
flowers
As to the scholar's goal we eager pressed!
And now, while some have fallen by the way,
And others toil along the westering road,
Perchance with whitened brow and trembling
knee,
We still are one, as when in earlier day
With ranks unbroken, proudly on we strode,
The sturdy, peerless Class of Sixty-Three!

THE LOVED AND LOST OF '63

Here's wreath of laurel, pine and fadeless bay,
Thick set with rose and sweet forget-me-not,
And gemmed with tears, for those whose earthly
lot

Has sadly ended ere the close of day.

Brothers of purpose high and pure were they,

Of character and fame without a blot,

Leaving a priceless memory begot

Of valiant bearing 'mid earth's fierce affray.

With tenderness we call each cherished name,

And see through gathering mists their faces
dear,

And hear again the voices loved of yore.

And oft we wonder,—are they still the same?

And as of old will they at length appear

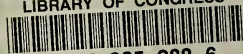
And with us learn God's truth forevermore?

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